

It was at least an hour after the closing bell, the gymnasium nearly lifeless. Maybe half a dozen people milled around, disinterestedly unfolding plastic tables and smoothing out paper stars being glued to the wall. The school's annual spring dance was on Friday, all the way at the other end of the week, but the board had decided to start setting up a bit early. Technically, every one of the students present was in for detention, serving their time by acting as the event's setup crew, spreading the work over one session a day.

Among these students were Candice, being disciplined for indecent exposure, and Hannah, who had been caught for truancy. While the former spent her time doing odd jobs like sweeping up the area in front of the retracted bleachers and helping others set up tables, the latter stood in the corner of the gymnasium, fixing her phone up to a little tripod set on a stack of wrestling mats she was supposed to be pushing out of the way. "You're sure this is the spot?" Hannah asked Claire.

Claire wasn't serving detention, but when Hannah offered her company, she wouldn't dare pass it up. She stood off to the side, fiddling with a remote, but when Hannah called over, the perky goth dropped the remote on a plastic table and sauntered over, fluffing her bright blue pigtails. "Hundred percent. No, hundred *million* percent!" she exclaimed. "That's the sheet there." She pointed to a section of the floor slightly raised above the rest, then arranged her outstretched thumbs and index fingers together like visualizing a camera, moving the frame over to where the phone was being set up. "So right *there* is perfect."

"This had better work," Hannah grumbled as she tightened the tripod's grip on the phone. "Nice and simple, that was the agreement."

"Nice and simple," Claire excitedly parroted, jumping in joy. "You'll be very pleased, my dear Hannah!"

"Excellent." With the phone set, Hannah began a livestream. She immediately reached 100 viewers, and she smiled as the number grew. Adjusting her chic black jeans that were a size too big (the adjustment hiding a glimpse of pink underwear Claire had been fixated on), Hannah came around into view of the camera and smiled. "Hey there everyone," she greeted the online audience, keeping her voice low to be discreet in the painfully-quiet gymnasium. "You know how the theme of this dance is gonna be midnight, decorated with the phases of the moon?" Hannah grinned an impish smirk. "How about we get our favorite nerd Candice to show us one phase in particular? Wait one moment." Hannah rose from her phone, casually tossing back her hair, then nodded to Claire before walking over to Candice. Claire jumped again in excitement and made sure the remote was close to hand.

Hannah came around Candice's side so she was between Hannah and the phone across the gym. "Hey Candice," Hannah greeted, causing Candice to jump and drop an armful of plastic stars. "Oops," Hannah said insincerely. "Let me help you with that."

"No no no, it's fine," Candice quickly denied her, crouching down to scoop the stars up herself. "I saw you coming over and I still jumped. Clumsy me."

As Candice worked, Hannah peered down at her back, at where Candice's hoodie rode up a bit, revealing the bare small of her back and maybe an inch of her butt crack. Another day without panties? Hannah thought. Poor Candice never learned. At least it made things slightly easier. "Gonna be one hell of a bash, eh Candice?" Hannah asked in a tone that overtly suggested ulterior plans.

"Uh... probably, yeah," Candice replied, stars collected under one arm as she used her free hand to tug up her sweatpants. Hannah's tone unsettled her, and she was ready for any move she might make. "Seems like... like they're really going all out... for it..."

Hannah nodded and took a step forward. "Odd, Candice, you sound like you're not going to go."

Candice warily backed up a step. "Well, honestly, probably not. Lot of tests coming up and all... gotta be ready."

"I see." Another step forward. "But I'm sure you *want* to go, right? Got someone in mind to ask?"

Flushing, Candice took not just one, but two steps away from Hannah. "No. No, not really."

Hannah closed the distance again and shrugged. "Me neither. But I'll still probably go. Pride of craftsmanship and whatnot. Really, you don't want to see this place all gussied up?"

Candice took another step back. "I really don't care. Really." For a chance for you to embarrass me in front of everyone, Candice finished in her thoughts.

Hannah walked as she talked, pushing Candice backwards as she did. "Weird. I know you're into stagecraft and all that. I'd thought you'd be more enthusiastic. Plus, I know how taken you are with astronomy... and phases of the moon."

As Hannah finished her sentence, Candice stumbled slightly stepping onto the strip on the ground Claire had pointed out. A moment passed, and Hannah's triumphant grin collapsed when nothing happened. Slightly worried and quite confused, Candice stepped around Hannah, off the strip. "I'm... I'm gonna get back to work..." And she jogged off back across the gym.

Hands on her hips in displeasure, hiking up her jeans again, Hannah turned to watch Candice go, then turned towards a baffled Claire who quickly became sheepish at Hannah's glare. Hannah took a step towards her and the live-streaming phone. "Why didn't it work?"

Flustered, Claire's attention caught on something past Hannah. She pointed at Candice.

"She's not wearing the shoes," she said.

Hannah looked. Candice was wearing worn white running sneakers, like always. "What shoes?"

"The shoes!" Claire insisted. "You gave them to her, right?"

"What shoes?" Hannah repeated, a thought forming she didn't want to admit to and make real.

"It's the crux of the plan!" Claire explained, gesticulating each step as she continued. "The shoes have metal in them, the same kind that's in her bracelets. She'd walk on the magnetic strip there, her feet would get stuck. She'd reach down to try and lift her feet or undo the shoes, only for her bracelets to get stuck to her. Stuck completely bent over, her pants go down, and it's a full moon! I swear I dropped them off at your house a few days-" Claire looked down at Hannah's feet and trailed off.

Hannah knew exactly what she was looking at. She'd gotten the shoes alright, cute red pumps with little bow decals, but at the time she didn't realize that's what they were; she thought they were just another one of the many gifts Claire sent her way. Hannah had thought they were cute and had decided to alter her outfit plans so she could wear them all week. Only then she looked down and saw them on her feet, right on top of the magnetic strip. Sure enough, she tried shifting her weight to no avail. Her feet were effectively stuck.

"Dammit!" Hannah quietly cursed, trying to not draw attention to herself. She shot a look at Claire, who shrunk away. "Come here and help me, idiot," she hissed. Claire immediately darted over and grabbed Hannah's right leg with her, trying and failing to lift it off the magnetic strip.

Suddenly, there was a metallic noise of gears churning far overhead. Both Hannah and Claire glanced upward. Across the gym ceiling were several ropes on pulleys being used to hang stars and symbols denoting phases of the moon, and one rope without a decoration was lowering towards Hannah.

"Oh crap!" Claire darted away from Hannah to grab the remote off the table. "The pressure switch activate

d! Oh crap!"

"What pressure switch?" Hannah gave up on pulling her legs off the magnetic strip and began unfastening the straps of the pumps. "All you were supposed to do was set up a magnet!"

"I know, I know!" Claire frantically fidgeted with the remote. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I just know how you like to humiliate Candice so I thought I'd add some extra surprises... for you, my beloved!" she added with desperation, but Hannah only shot her a glare like daggers.

Hannah returned her attention to the shoes as the squeaking of the pulley got louder. She managed to pop the straps open on the left shoe, but as she did, she felt a sharp cold touch her back. The pulley lowering ended in a hook, and before Hannah could react, the hook snagged the fabric of her top and began to rise again. "Claire!" Hannah yelled out in anger as her top was torn from her body and lifted into the rafters with the hook. It had been a strapless tank top, the same rich red color of the pumps, and Hannah hadn't worn a bra beneath it. As the fabric ripped and gave way, Hannah's naked breasts flopped into open air.

Arms crossed over her chest, Hannah glared at an incredibly apologetic Claire. "You like to strip her," Claire insisted like she was at all helping by explaining her thought process, "and with her so helpless, it seemed like a good opportunity to go beyond just a 'full moon...'"

"How *much* beyond?" Hannah hissed at Claire before turning and noticing Candice watching from afar, covering her mouth in a poor attempt to hide her giggling. Seething, Hannah remembered the livestream being captured directly in front of her. That view count had to be breaking a thousand by now. Hannah hugged her arms tighter around her chest and fought to stop her face from turning red, relieved the quiet hadn't been broken around her. Besides Candice, no one else in the room seemed to have noticed her yet. "Claire," she ordered, trying to keep her tone even. "Come undo the other shoe."

Claire sheepishly sunk down, still focused on the remote. "Um... I think I'd better see if I can stop the second part instead..."

"What second part?"

There was another crunching of gears being set in motion, but this sound was heavier, the pulley bearing more weight. Hannah looked up and saw a decoration of a crescent moon slowly lowering above her. "CLAIRE!" Hannah yelled before groaning, unfolding her arms, and bending down to undo the shoe herself. Her uncovered boobs swung down, and her effort only made them wobble back and forth and smack into one another, making it tougher to undo this shoe than the last one. "Stop it already then!" she yelled at Claire, trying to undo the straps of the remaining shoe with one hand as she corralled her boobs with the other arm.

Claire was in a panic, pacing back and forth and she jabbed at the remote. "I'm- I'm trying, Hannah! It's a chain reaction... hard to stop in the middle..." She agitatedly waved a hand before returning to work. "I'd thought you'd like her being presented differently! I'm sorry!"

Hannah was in no mood to find out what that meant. The shadow of the descending crescent moon grew and grew over her, and she kept fumbling the straps. She struggled, trying to lift her foot out of the shoe, but Claire knew what she had been doing when she designed them; Hannah imagined they weren't even meant to be undone. But it worked the one time, it'd work again. The moon loomed lower, gently creaking as it swung back and forth. Claire continued to tap furiously at the remote, cursing and pleading for it to stop.

Finally, Hannah managed to undo the final strap to slide her foot out of the shoe. As she tried to dart out of the way of the moon as it lowered to her level, however, she felt it push into the small of her back and snag something: the back of her pants. No, she realized as she groped behind her, feeling the moon's curve covered with a thinner fabric. The moon had hitched onto the back of her underpants. In her struggle to u

And the shoes, her jeans had sagged just enough that her pink thong was in the prime spot on her hips to be hooked. Before she could pull it off the moon, however, the decoration began to rise back to the rafters

Hannah's underwear shot up between her butt cheeks and chafed against her privates, sending tremors of discomfort through her body and causing her to cry out in anger as the moon continued to rise, until Hannah's feet were off the ground and she hung solely by her underwear. "CLAIRE!" Her cry was cut short by her thong riding another few inches up between her cheeks and deeper into more intimate places.

Flustered and frantic, Claire shouted up, "It was supposed to pick her up and pull her out of the shoes, so she'd be draped over it and hanging up there naked... A full moon's place is the sky! So sorry, Hannah! Don't worry, this one's on a timer and I'm stopping it... now!" Another click on the remote coincided with the moon shuddering to a stop. Hannah mercifully hadn't risen to the ceiling, but she had risen high enough that she was out of reach for anyone's help, and so the setting sunlight coming in from the high windows of the gym shone on her bare breasts as she squirmed and failed to loosen her underwear's grip on her privates. The moon began to spin, and with the light on Hannah and reflecting off the moon, it looked like a lazy disco ball. It certainly became a party. The few other students had stopped all their work to gawk and laugh as Hannah slowly spun around in midair, hanging from her hot pink thong. Her hands alternated between covering her exposed boobs as she faced the students and ineffectually clawing at her crotch when her back was turned, trying and failing to alleviate the massive wedgie pulling up at her sensitive spots. Her thrashing didn't help, only serving to drop her sagging jeans down her legs bit by bit, until they fell off entirely. Hannah was left in only her thong that was stretched until it was barely there, providing a great view of her butt cheeks rocking against one another when the moon spun her around to display her from behind.

Claire raced to catch the jeans before they hit the ground. "Don't worry, Hannah! I'll get a ladder! I'll get you down in seconds!" The blue-haired goth raced out of the gym, trailing the jeans like a banner, making a point to push through the students that were laughing at her beloved's humiliation.

Candice stared up at the spectacle with a hint of second-hand embarrassment, instinctively sympathetic to that brand of public humiliation, but she felt more than as much satisfaction. It was about time Hannah got a taste of what she dished out, and it made Candice more than smug to witness. In fact, it made her feel a bit cheeky. "Hey, Hannah!" Candice called up, pulling Hannah's attention over as she drifted back to facing Candice. "Is this what you wanted to see?"

At that, Candice quickly turned around, hooked her thumbs over her waistband, bent over, and pulled down the back of her pants, mooning her bare backside at the hanging bully. Usually, exposure embarrassed Candice, but this time was different. She wasn't being humiliated or bullied; she was the one in power here, rubbing it in Hannah's face how her plan fell apart, and it felt rather exciting. She even shook her hips and gave her butt a little smack, relishing the moment.

That is until she cast a proper glance over her shoulder and realized Hannah's live-streaming phone was aimed squarely at her bare derrière.

After a moment of shocked realization, Candice scrambled to pull her pants back up. She was so flustered, however, that rather than pulling her pants up and over her cheeks, she ended up yanking the waistband up against the bottom of her butt, again and again, doing little more than giving the lucky livestream viewers a show of her ample ass jiggling. Finally, Candice managed to cover herself back up. Bright red as a beet, Candice instinctively threw her hands over her butt as she walked away, ignoring the hoots of the other students dogging her as she made for the door. Maybe being a sore winner wasn't the way to go. Still, at least she got away from this one without showing off too much. And as she walked away, she at least took some consolation in the way Hannah's laughter at the full moon was interrupted by another grunt of anger as phone cameras flashed and Hannah moaned in embarrassment, perhaps even with a bit of stifled pleasure.